

Lord of the Noses

by ChucklesTheClown

Category: Halo

Genre: Humor, Parody

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2005-02-11 09:10:12

Updated: 2005-02-11 09:10:12

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:24:12

Rating: K+

Chapters: 2

Words: 1,955

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: In this Halospoof of Lord of the Rings, the Dark Clown Chuckles seeks to dominate all gamers with his Noses of Power. Can Turpo Fraggins stop him?

1. Default Chapter

****NOTE:** One of the members of the Grand Rapids Frag Pile begged me to write a Halo-based spoof of Lord of the Rings. I wrote a few installments, but got bored with it because it has nothing to do with Halo (who knew?). I was hesitant to post this, but what the heck. Lexicus is Gandalf; Nate is Saruman; Chuckles is Sauron. You can figure the rest out easily enough. Oh, and this is meant to be comedy. Quite a departure from my usual.**

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>Lord of the Noses: Leaving Frag End

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>Fresh from a night of gaming at the Green Fraggin, Turpo Fraggins, the venerable Halfn00b, returned to Frag End, his home. The door was ajar, and the windows were open. Suddenly, out of the darkness behind him a hand seized his shoulder and spun him around. "Is it secret? Is it safe?" It was his old friend and wizard-gamer, Lexicus the Red.

Turpo called his dog. "Here Fedex, here boy," the wizard heard the dog, but saw nothing, until Turpo grabbed the invisible animal and yanked off the Nose of Power. Lexicus looked at him sternly, and then used his staff to bat the Nose into the small living room fireplace.

"What are you doing?" Turpo asked, as his small Dachshund snapped at

Lexicus and then leaped into the flames to recover the Nose. Pulling the dog from the fire, the wizard stuffed a plasma grenade into its mouth and sent it flying out the nearest window. He then grabbed the nose with a pair of tongs. "Hold out your hands Turpo, it is quite cool. What can you see? Can you see anything?" Turpo's lips moved soundlessly, and then stammering he said "My d-d-dog . . . y-y-you st-sticky bombed it . . . THAT WAS AWESOME!"

"Focus Turpo," barked Lexicus. "Can you read anything on the Nose?"

"Nothing. There is nothing." Lexicus began to sigh in relief, but then Turpo said, "Wait. There are markings. Its some form of clownish. I can't read it."

"There are few who can. The language is that of Gulchdor, which I will not utter here."

"Gulchdor!" Turpo turned pale, even for a Halfn00b. The wizard continued.

"In the common tongue it says _One Nose to rule them all, One Nose to snag them. One Nose to bring them all and in the darkness frag them. _"

(They moved silently to the kitchen for a nice cup of tea)

"This is the One Nose. Made by the Dark Clown Chuckles in the madness of Tent Doom. Taken by Grapeshot from the face of Chuckles himself."

Turpo stared blankly at the Nose and said, "Jako found it. In Stumpy's campsite."

"Yes," answered the wizard, "For sixty years the Nose lay quiet in Jako's keeping, increasing his frags, aiding his aim. But no longer, Turpo. Evil is stirring in Gulchdor. The Nose has awoken. Its heard its master's chuckle." Turpo looked up in sudden fear.

"But he was destroyed. Chuckles was destroyed."

"No, Turpo. The spirit of Chuckles endured. His clowning is bound to the Nose, and the Nose survived. Chuckles has returned. His clowns have multiplied and Tent Doom is rebuilt in the land of Gulchdor. Chuckles needs only this Nose to cover all the gamers in a second lagging. He is seeking it, seeking it, all his thought is bent on it. The Nose yearns above all else to return to the face of its master. They are one, the Nose and the Dark Clown. Turpo, he must never find it."

Jumping to his feet and grabbing the Nose, Turpo said, "We put it away, we keep it hidden. We never speak of it again."

Just then a neighbor walked in. "Hey Turpo, can I borrow the Nose of Power again? Gotta do some gaming tomorrow, and I promise not to keep it for weeks on end like last time." Turpo was speechless under the glare of the wizard. The neighbor took his silence as a no. "You let everyone else borrow it! Ain't a player in the Pile that hasn't had that Nose for a month or more! Cmon! Where's the _precious?_"

Turpo tossed him from the house as Lexicus readied another grenade. Having saved his friend, he questioned the wizard again. "No one _else _knows about it, do they ? Do they Lexicus?"

"There is one other who knew that Jako had the Nose. I looked everywhere for the sniper Stumpy, but Chuckles found him first. I don't know how long they tickled him. Amidst the endless laughing and insane giggling, they discerned two words: _Elip_! _Sniggarf_!"

Turpo looked at Gandalf with fear. "Elip! Sniggarf! But that . . . doesn't make any sense."

"Blast," the wizard said embarrassed. "I had the silly script upside down. Okay, again, from the top . . . "

"Oh lemme see . . . Pile! Fraggins! That will lead them here! Take it Lexicus! Take it!"

"No Turpo, no!" the wizard exclaimed, stumbling backwards to avoid the Nose.

"You must take it!"

"You cannot offer me this Nose!"

"But I am giving it to you!"

"Do not tempt me Turpo!" Lexicus said. The Halfn00b shrank back in disbelief. "I dare not take it. Not even to frag _a lot _. Understand Turpo, I would use this Nose from the desire to game good. But through me, it would wield an insane, unstoppable, almighty game-bot-from-hell fragging power too great and terrible to imag . . . maybe I could take care of it for you." An evil smile spread across his face. "Why don't you just hand old Lex that Nose and be done with it. Hand it to me! Stop! Now! GET BACK HERE YOU USELESS SELF-FRAGGING N00B!"

Suddenly coming to his senses, Lexicus apologized, and took his long fingers from around the frightened Halfn00b's neck. "I don't know what came over me. Where were we?"

"But it can't stay in the Frag Pile." Turpo choked out, still feeling the pinch of the wizard's grip on his throat.

"No! No it can't." Lexicus responded gravely.

"What must I do?"

"Get out of the Pile. Make for the village of _Splork_. I'll be waiting for you at the _Inn of the Bounding Warthog _.

"And the Nose will be safe there?" the Halfn00b asked hopefully.

"I don't know Turpo. I don't have any answers. I must see the head of my order. He is both wise and powerful. He wouldn't turn against us in a billion years. Trust me Turpo, Nathan the Blue will know what to do." Then the wizard looked upon this selfless Halfn00b with loving eyes. "My dear Turpo. N00bies really are amazing creatures! You can learn all that there is to know about their skills in ten minutes,

and yet after a hundred respawns, they can still surprise you."

Off in the distance they heard a wheezing, sneezing, nasal sound, too hideous to describe. The Schnozgul (Nosewraiths) were coming . .

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C.T. Clown

2. The Wizards Duel

****NOTE:** This was the second installment of _Lord of the Noses._ It is written in script form because I thought that it helped. Halo 2 is spoken of as a future event because this was written a while back. If you liked _Lord of the Rings_ then you will get the humor. If not, good luck.

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>LORD OF THE NOSES: THE WIZARDS DUEL

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****Nathan the Blue:** ****Laughter** rises from Tent Doom. The hour grows late and Lexicus the Red rides to Lisenfraud seeking my counsel. For that is why you have come, is it not, my old friend?

****Lexicus the Red:** ******(taking off his helmet and bowing his head he speaks reverently) Nathan . . .

(They go walking on the grounds, and we hear them talking in mid conversation)

****Nathan:** ****You** are sure of this?

****Lexicus:** ****Beyond** any doubt.

****Nathan:** ****So** you'll be able to have a SMG in each hand! Wow. Halo2 will rock! I hope it comes out on PC too. Have I told you about the screaming connection I have in the Tower of Orcspanc? Me and my buds get speeds of up to-I'm sorry, I get carried away at times. Was there anything else?

****Lexicus:** ****Well,** there is the small matter of the Nose of Power. It shouldn't take long to tell. You see . . .

(They walk and talk some more. We hear them _again_ in mid conversation)

****Nathan:** ****So** the Nose of Power has been found . . .

****Lexicus:** ****All** these long years it as been in the Frag Pile, under my very nose! Get it? Under my nose . . .

(Nathan raises a ridiculously bushy eyebrow at Lexicus)

****Nathan:** ****And yet you did not have the wit to see it. Your love for the Halfn00b frag-fests has clearly spoiled your aim!**

****Lexicus:** ****But we still have time, time enough to counter Chuckles, if we move quickly . . .**

****Nathan:** ****Time? What time do you think we have?**

(They move from outside into Nathan's study in Orcspanc)

Chuckles has regained much of his former strength. He cannot yet bend spoons with his mind, but his humor has lost none of its potency. Concealed within Tent Doom, the Lord of Gulchdor sees all . . . his scope pierces clouds, shadows, warthogs and tanks.

You know of what I speak, Lexicus. A great Sniper Rifle, belching flame . . .

****Lexicus:** ****The SR of Chuckles . . .**

****Nathan:** ****He is gathering all evil gamers to him. Very soon he will have gathered an army great enough to launch an assault on The Seventh Column.**

****Lexicus:** ****You know this? How?**

****Nathan:** ****Okay, I admit it, I look at the other guy's screen when I play. We _all_ _do_ it. I was at Tent Doom the other day doing some one-on-one with the Chuckster and . . .**

****Lexicus:** ****(Staring at Nathan in horror) You . . . you _LOOK AT THE OTHER GUY'S SCREEN! _(Then slapping an 'L' on his forehead with his finger and thumb he turned to leave)**

****Nathan:** ****The hour is later than you think. Chuckles' forces are already moving. The Nine have left Minas Snorgul.**

****Lexicus:** ****The Nine?**

****Nathan:** ****They crossed the river Lisen on Midsummer's Eve, disguised as invisible clowns driving warthogs. Kind of stupid when you think about it, shameful waste of invisibility . . .**

****Lexicus:** ****They've reached the Frag Pile!**

****Nathan:** ****They will find the Nose, and and frag the one who carries it.**

****Lexicus:** ****Turpo!**

****Nathan:** ****You did not seriously think that a n00bie could contend with the will of Chuckles. There are none who can. Against the power of Gulchdor there can be no frags, no caps, no victory. We must join him, Lexicus. We must join Chuckles. Think of the CTF team we could have! You and Hogg on offense, me and the Dark Lord Chuckles on defense. They couldn't buy a cap.**

It would be wise my friend . . .

****Lexicus: ****Tell me, 'friend', when did Nathan the Blue give up offense for defense? I mean it could work with you on D, I just never thought you would do it. Maybe naaaah. You're a mad fool!

(they engage in an epic battle of gaming wizards. Walls crumble . . . lightning flashes . . . the ground shakes. Finally, Nathan gets the better of Lexicus)

****Nathan: ****You have become very powerful, my young padawan!

****Lexicus: ****(slapping the L on his forehead again) Wrong script, chief!

****Nathan: ****Oh . . . I gave you the chance of aiding me willingly, but you have elected the way of PAIN!

(Nathan then loads Lexicus' computer full of Microsoft software, and plugs it into his screaming internet connection _without a firewall!_ It all fades to black as Lex's computer is invaded by all manner of malicious code, and the game freezes up)

C.T. Clown

End
file.